NUMB. LXXIX.

The GUARDIAN.

——Præclara & pulchra minantem
Vivere nec rectè nec ſuavitèr —— Hor.

Thurſday, June 11. 1713.

IT is an Employment worthy a reaſonable Creature, to examine into the Diſpoſition of Men's Affections towards each other, and, as far as one can, to improve all Tendencies to Good-nature and Charity. No one could be unmoved with this Epiſtle, which I received the other Day from one of my Correſpondents, and which is full of the moſt ardent Benevolence.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'I Seldom read your Political, your Critical, your Ludicrous, or, if you will call them ſo, your Polite Papers, but when I obſerve any thing which I think written for the Advancement of Good-will amongſt Men, and laying before them Objects of Charity, I am very zealous for the Promotion of ſo honeſt a Deſign. Believe me, Sir, Want of Wit, or Wiſdom, is not the Infirmity of this Age, it is the ſhameful Application of both that is the crying Evil. As for my own part, I am always endeavouring at leaſt to be better, rather than richer or wiſer. But I never lamented that I was not a wealthy Man ſo heartily as the other Day. You muſt underſtand that I now and then take a Walk of Mortification, and paſs a whole Day in making my ſelf profitably Sad. I for this end viſit the Hoſpitals about this City, and when I have rambled about the Galleries at *Bedlam*, and ſeen for an Hour the utmoſt of all lamentable Objects, Human Reaſon diſtracted; when I have from Grate to Grate offered up my Prayers for a Wretch who has been reviling me, for a Figure that has ſeemed Petrified with Anguiſh, for a Man that has held up his Face in the Poſture of Adoration toward Heaven, to utter Execrations and Blaſphemies, I ſay, when I have beheld all theſe things, and thoroughly reflected on them, till I have ſtartled my ſelf out of my preſent ill Courſe, I have thought fit to paſs to the Obſervation of leſs Evils, and relieve my ſelf by going to thoſe Charitable Receptacles about this Town, appointed only for Bodily Diſtreſſes. The gay and frolick part of Mankind are wholly unacquainted with the Numbers of their Fellow-Creatures, who languiſh under Pain and Agony, for want of a Trifle out of that Expence by which thoſe fortunate Perſons purchaſe the Gratification of a ſuperfluous Paſſion or Appetite. I ended the laſt of theſe Pilgrimages which I made, at St. *Thomas*'s Hoſpital in *Southwark*. I had ſeen all the variety of Woe which can ariſe from the Diſtempers which attend Human Frailty; but the Circumſtance which occaſioned this Letter, and gave me the quickeſt Compaſſion, was beholding a little Boy of ten Years of Age, who was juſt then to be expelled the Houſe as incurable: My Heart melted within me to think what would become of the poor Child, who, as I was informed, had not a Farthing in the World, nor Father nor Mother, nor Friend to help it. The Infant ſaw my Sorrow for it, and came towards me, and bid me ſpeak that it might die in the Houſe.

'Alas!

'There are Crowds cured in this Place, and the ſtricteſt Care taken, in the Diſtribution of the Charity, for wholſom Food, good Phyſick, and tender Care in behalf of the Patients; but the Proviſion is not large enough for thoſe whom they do not deſpair of recovering, which makes it neceſſary to turn out the Incurable, for the Sake of thoſe whom they can relieve. I was informed this was the Fate of many in a Year, as well as of this poor Child, who, I ſuppoſe, corrupted away yet alive in the Streets. He was to be ſure removed when he was only capable of giving Offence, though avoided when ſtill an Object of Compaſſion. There are not Words to give Mankind Compunction enough on ſuch an Occaſion; but I aſſure you I think

(Price Two Pence.)